

# BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

HOPE'S A big attempt to straighten out the bitter situation involving Hope, Dickey Dale, and her former husband, Dickey Dale, falls. She has tried on the same boat with him and his father, Hickey, resulting failure, she photographs Rusty Crandall that she will marry him, but learns he has married his secretary.

## Chapter 31 DAY OF JUDGMENT

HOPE read it twice—and looked up, flabbergasted. Passed the wire to Judy, who passed it to Tom, who snuffed and passed it back to Hope.

"My day of judgment has come!" Hope shrieked hilariously to drown out the heartache. "Wait until Rusty gets the message I sent him at four o'clock. I sent him a proposal to marry me! I hope he just turns over with chagrin. I bet it'll put a crimp in his whole honeymoon, and I bet his father's secretary will have a hell of a time laughing it off!"

Judy tugged at Hope's shoulder, and her voice was full of the old hint to soft pedal.

"Don't you realize, Hope dear," she said, looking Hope straight in the eyes, "that Mr. Crandall's secretary is Angel? Did you forget that?"

Hope opened her eyes wide. "Angel!" she gasped. "Why, of course, Angel. After all these years she's landed him! Yes, I had forgotten. Oh, I'm glad it's Angel—she'll be good to him. She's loved him so. She's loved him like I've loved—"

Judy got to her feet purposefully. "Let's have coffee upstairs," she suggested. "No, let's have it in our suite. Tom and I have some swell Cordon Rouge."

Hope giggled. "Darling, I won't disgrace you. I promise," Hope said.

In the bar, Judy watched her, dividing her worry between Hope's heart-breaking hell-raising, and her new husband's impatient disgust with the entire proceedings.

The hilarity and general twanging of behavior that so often marks the last night on board ship, filled the ball-room with echoes of dozens of shrill voices.

The auction for the Sailors' Fund was to take place in the dining-salon, and a table had been reserved. Mrs. Carter caught at Hope's hand.

"I'm donating a shawl to be auctioned off," she announced.

"Sure I'll donate something too," agreed Hope with a muddled amiability. "I've got a swell cat. A perfectly swell cat. They can auction that off. Anybody would like that!"

"Hope!" Judy turned, puzzled and reproachful.

"Judy, you know what a sleek cat it is!" Hope insisted feverishly. Judy turned with a helpless glance at Tom.

"No use," she mumbled. "When she gets like that, there's no managing her."

Hope, quite the gayest of a large table, which seemed to grow in numbers as the half-hours ticked by, bid and outbid for everything that went upon sale.

Until at last the verbose politician walked to the center of the room holding the immaculately white Sassy high over his head.

Hope, keyed to that tense moment, suddenly noted two figures far across the room. Saw them rise and leave the salon. Hickey and Dickey—retiring from the field of battle!

Somehow the game lost flavor. Hope watched while her heart ached for the white figure in the auctioneer's arms, being carried from table to table for women to caress and admire. Wishing she had enough steadiness to get up and go out too—as the Dales had done.

The bidding went on joyously. With Lillian Toff the loudest and most insistent. With Lillian Toff pronounced the owner.

Stupidly Hope watched. Every trace of blood leaving her cheeks, and every vestige of good savage anger, that she was ever capable of, rising in her heart as Lillian came out on the floor and gathered the cat into her arms; playing with it, holding Sassy up for more admiration, and bowing to the outburst of applause.

Then suddenly Hope came out of the daze. Something happened that caused Lillian's wide mouth grin to turn to a wild expression of pain and anger. From the shoulder downward, on Lillian's plump white arm, Sassy had buried his claws and scratched one unmerciful stroke as an expression of his opinion!

With a thoroughly unprintable and wholly unladylike ejaculation, Lillian Toff, her arm bleeding, Sassy squirming in her grasp, turned and started out of the salon.

Without realizing that she had tipped her glass of champagne all over Judy's lovely white chiffon

own, Hope got to her feet. Instantly, old-fashioned, she fled away from the voices that called to her from her table—following Lillian.

Lillian Toff turned halfway up a staircase and shouted something over her shoulder to Hope. Something that sounded like a dare.

Like a streak, Hope was after her. Up the stairs and toward the deck doorway where Lillian had swiftly disappeared. Pulling at the door, and bracing herself against the lunging wind that struck full force against her.

Even then, Hope could see. She could see Lillian at the railing lifting Sassy high up by the neck.

"Stop!" shrieked Hope. "Stop, you—"

But her words were choked as she headed into the fine night wind out on the deck. Where, realizing what was happening, she leaned breathlessly up against the side of the ship, panting with relief.

For someone besides herself had seen Lillian. An arm had gone up, and a voice had spoken with a snarling sharpness. The voice of a man, smoking in the darkness as he leaned against one of the lifeboats.

Swiftly Sassy had been drawn back. Wrenched from Lillian's startled grasp, and was held now by that man who was shouting through the wind—shouting angry, unspeakable things at Lillian.

"Hickey!" cried Hope with a glad rush forward. "Hickey darling!"

Her arms went out, hugging him close, as she flung herself on him, her head buried in his shoulder.

She heard Hickey's voice, and felt his arm around her. Let herself be guided up the sea-damp deck-staircase, and finally drawn into the grateful warmth of an upper passage-way.

Before she had caught her breath she found herself in the sitting-room of Hickey's suite.

He let her sit down and cry it out while he fixed himself a whiskey and soda, and settled himself in a chair opposite her.

"What must you think of me?" she repeated at last as she gazed miserably over at him.

"Well, child," he said at length. "I think you're a terrible fool. But I think—we've all been fools."

"Oh, Hickey, I've wanted so often to talk to you!"

"God, if you only had, Hope! I didn't know what to think of you, really until tonight. My friend, Mrs. Post, dug me up just a few hours ago, and told me all about things. Even then I couldn't quite believe it—that you cared that much. Truly cared for my boy—after all—well—that's happened."

"Hickey!" Red-eyed, Hope leaned forward in her chair. "I care so damn-it-all much that I would want Dickey even if it was only for my money. I love him so much that I—"

"What do you mean—money?" Papa said.

She stopped short at Hickey's expression.

"Your father told you it was your money that my boy wanted? Is that it? Did he tell you how he hurt the kid? How he struck him down? Did he tell you that?"

"Hurt him?"

"He didn't tell you! Struck him down, he did, with a billiard cue, and God knows what kept me from letting my dog on him. He didn't tell you then, that Dickey was laid up for six weeks—"

"Is that—the scar on Dickey's face now?"

"Yes, that's the scar! Given him the night after your wedding when Dickey and I went to see your father, and we quarreled down in your billiard room—"

"Oh, Hickey!" Hope covered her eyes with the back of one hand. "Dad wouldn't—he wouldn't do it to me. He wouldn't—"

"Well, he did!"

"He told me Dickey or you never came near him! That you were perfectly willing to have it annulled—"

"Did he ever tell you that I went up to the White Plains Court and entered a protest against that annulment? Appeared just as a matter of form because Dickey wanted me to do badly?"

"I wrote that note to Dickey—about never wanting to see him again—because he never answered any of my letters. Hickey—did he ever get any of my letters?"

"Not a word! On my Bible oath, Hope. And that letter you did send him gave me the worst year of my life!"

"Go to him now—go find him, Hope, for the love of God. I can no longer do anything or mean anything to him."

"You mean—Hope jumped to her feet—"he still cares for me?"

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Hope's happiness depends on Hickey's answer. But if Dickey did love her—now could she break down his wall of pride?

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Misses The "Padmini's Evil Spell!"



## S'MATTER POP—The Family Gossiper

By C. M. PAYNE



## BOUND TO WIN—"Butch" Boyle Talks

By EDWIN ALGER



## THE NEBBS—No Washee -- No Doughee

By SOL HESS



## MUTT AND JEFF—And Tell Him A Bedtime Story Too

By BUD FISHER



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## FARM BOARD IS MARKET MENAGE

## HUNTING DEATH TO BE PROBED

WASHINGTON, April 6.—(AP)—The director of the American Cotton Shippers' association today told a senate committee the farm board wheat and cotton stocks were a continual menace to prices.

OREGON CITY, Ore., April 6.—(AP)—Investigation into a hunting accident in which Arthur J. Lamm was shot to death last September resulted last night in the indictment of R. H. Campynol, his companion, on a charge of involuntary manslaughter. The indictment was served on Campynol, who was arrested and released on \$1000 bond. The grand jury is said to have worked on the case for several months.

ROSEBURG—D. O. Breedlove installing his gymnasium equipment in front half of quarters occupied by Oregon's recreation hall in Hochstadt building.